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NEW YEARS' ADDRESS

OF THE
BURLINGTON FREE PRESS.

JANUARY 1, 1886.

Happy New Year! Father Time

Brings us to another year,

Brings the Carrier with his rhyme;

Will it please you stop and hear?

"To a queer machine time drives,

Grinding out the days and hours—

Spools that wind up all our lives—

And he works with all his powers

Never once he loses hold,

Turning steadily his wheel,

Never looks at who grows old,

Never cares what any feel.

Only, as the weeks fly out,

When the Year is nearly done,

Faster flies his wheel about

As he hastens to be done.

Then a moment drives it slower,

He begins another Year—

Let us look the old one over

And see what wonders there appear.

If ever Year deserved the name

The past we may ventur'ly call

'T would call a volume—nay, a score,

To tell its marvels one and all.

The Moody battles of the Spring—

Campaigns and marches, capture too

Of rebel strongholds and of men

O'Davis and his motley crew.

Where to begin, your rhymester doubts

Or where to end if once begun,

Or what to call most marvelously

Where all is in new-fetched the sun.

You've seen a child, in earnest play

Build up a house with blocks and card,

A fabric gossamer to his eye

As ere was reared of bubble hard.

But, as he lays the toyman's row

And claps his hands in childish glee,

The wind blows gently on the pile,

Takes out one card—and who is he?

So did the great rebellion fall

When Grant knelt at the bottom block,

Tumbling in heaps about his ears

His builders—with a mighty shock.

A cob-house in conception—so

A cob-house in its destined fate

Tot fell and short lived as it was

—a fairer weight.

Yes, for the worth of one man's life

—Loved of all, by traitor slain—

Is more than all Scotland's pride

From met to met and back again.

'T was said, the first Bull Run,

A wretched day, when Sumter fell;

But audacious, angrier, blinder yet,

The day that rang out Lincoln's knell.

'T was the last, worst, malicious blow

Of the Rebellion—down—down

With spirit broke, their suppliant knees

The rebel chiefs for pardon bow.

And, growing timider—God-send good!

From deeper ill brought—fall and free,

From storm and fire our land comes forth

At last a Land of Liberty.

Said 'twas a wonderful year, and 'tis true

When you think what strange things the year

undrew to do

I believe the most unnumbered man 'neath the

blue

Will agree that the marvels have been "a

whole new."

'T was strange the rebellion so quick should fall

through,

'T was strange Jeff. was caught in such strange

traps—a few

That it is strange he's not being yet—"tis some

what strange too

That slavery's dead—and of marvels more

new

'T was strange what a rampart the Fenian crew

Have kicked up to make Johnny Bull turn all

blue.

But to pass by the marvels of war and of State,

One or two things have happened right here at

our gate

Which are worthy of note in the Carrier's diary.

Imprints, to start with, we've had the dignity

For nearly a year now, we've had as a city!

With Mayor and Fathers and Council complete,

—But between you and I, there are those who

repeat

"It's a laughing concern after all," yet we

don't

do much "log-rolling" yet, as some others are

we're

'Tis well, perhaps, we know no more

Of what the New Year has in store.

Whatever comes, the Carrier will,

Am bring to you the Free Press will.

Fuller of news than heretofore

And larger by a fifth or more.

The Carrier hates a hint to give

About himself—but he must live.

Suppose you help him in his fix,

To worry into Sigh-Six.

Hand him a quarter, he can say

"'T will not be money thrown away."

And for the New Year he will pray:

"May health and comfort in each home

Be guests throughout the year to come;

And free from trouble and from fear

May each enjoy a Happy Year."

Poetry.

The Old Year.

O bells! O bells! you ring your rhyme true,

Ring sweet and low and bells of June

Tell masses for a wailing moon.

O, dear old year! we've loved you so

We cannot bear to have you go

Ring low, O bells! ring low, ring low.

And, dear, dear year! we've loved you true,

We'll love you still, even though you flee

Has come to charm our love from you.

Miscellaneous.

THREE OF A TRADE:

OR,

RED LITTLE KRIS KINGLE.

BY TITZ JAMES DUBIN.

The city was muffled in snow, and looked

as calm and pale, and stately, as a queen

in her ermine robes. It was night, and the

lighting of numerous electric lamps made

the frosty air musical. The sleighs

whirled silently through the streets,

pointed blackly against the white snow

as they passed like so many phantoms

coming to a festival on the frozen

mountain.

It was late, for the corner grocer's were

short. The last draught of beer had been

drained from the counter. The last victim

had staggered home with his trembling

limbs. The red unwholesome light that flared

from the door had been extinguished, and

the blue moon was shining in her bed

behind the four bars.

In the black street afforded by the pro-

jecting wooden awning of one of the corner

grocers, a group of three men were

standing. One of them, a man of middle

years, with a beard and a stern

expression, was looking at the other two

with a keen, searching eye. The other

two men, who were both young and

well-dressed, were looking at each other

with a look of surprise and interest.

"What a fine fellow!" said the man

with the beard, "he looks like a

gentleman. What do you think of him?"

"He looks like a gentleman," said the

other man, "but I don't like him. He

looks like a man who is up to some

trick. He looks like a man who is

up to some trick. He looks like a

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Just as the pair of vagrants had drawn

closer together, and Binnie was trying

to stop his teeth—which began to chatter—

from biting in the third of the story

that the patient little fellow was about

to tell his brother, they heard a faint cry

something between a moan and a whistle,

sounding close to them.

Looking out into the dim twilight they

beheld a drowsy figure standing on the

sidewalk, moaning and waving its arms.

It seemed to be a little man about two

feet high, clad in a red coat, covered with

gold lace, and wearing a little cap, in which

was stuck a long feather, that was bent

inward by the wind. A tiny sword, about

the length of a lead pencil, dangled

by his side.

"O, Binnie," whispered Tip, "it's Kris

Kingle come again. I know him. He

used to look exactly like that in my dream.

I can't dream of him. Are you?"

"Not a bit," answered Binnie. "He

looks a nice little chap. I hope he has

brought us something.

The little man on the sidewalk seemed

very uneasy. He waved his arms con-

tinually, took off his little cap every now

and then with a quick jerk, as if he were

making a series of abbreviated bows to

the two little vagrants, and then he bowed

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